SUBJECT
2763

Chapter 1

Subject 2763 - "Evil Leafy"

"This begins my log on Subject 2763. A dangerous specimen that takes residence within a less destructive host body. As I've documented her behavior, Subject 2763 seems to appear in moments of the host's distress. Especially in situations where the host's morality is brought into question. If I wish to learn more, I must find a way to quickly and safely trigger it"

click

Leafy groaned as she slowly gained consciousness. Her head was pounding with a painful force. As she slowly blinked her eyes open, she was met with an unfamiliar sight. The brilliant blue sky of Goiky had been replaced by a cold gray metal. Warm, orange light reflected off of the metallic ceiling. She tried to bring her hand up to her throbbing head, but was unable to move it. Glancing down, she found herself bound to a metal surface resembling an operating table. The restraints were loose, but a quick tug of her hand told Leafy that she wouldn't be able to easily slip out of them.

She looked around. The rest of the room was the same dark metal as the ceiling. Gears and knobs spun in all sorts of dizzying directions, making Leafy's head pound harder. A hot orange substance boiled from vats within the floor, illuminating the room in a steamy orange glow. The heat from the vats brought the room to a scolding temperature, causing the metal restraints to sting Leafy's hands if she pressed against them, making it almost impossible to struggle.

The room was filled with sounds. The clanging of rusted gears, the bubbling and steaming of the vats. The beeping of electronics. But the most notable was the echo of light tapping against the floor.

Quick and light footsteps that slowly became louder.

Leafy tried to see who was approaching, but the restraints kept her too tightly pressed against the table to turn her head enough. When she looked to the side, all she could see was the top of a small table next to her. Nothing below it. On the table were a variety of tools, alongside a small tape recorder. Leafy eventually had to look away, as straining her eyes too far to the side only made her headache worse. But she was able to look for just long enough to see a small limb reach up and grab the tape recorder.

Leafy shut her eyes tight. Her throbbing head was becoming unbearable. She could hear her heartbeat thump heavy in her skull. It hurt so badly she barely noticed the loud click of the tape recorder.

"Continuation of my log on Subject 2763. The host is awake. No obvious sign of the subject yet. The host appears to be suffering mild pain. I suspect this is a side effect of the sedation. If the subject continues to be docile, I may attempt less unethical means of subduing the host. However I will keep my own safety in top priority."

Leafy could recognize that voice anywhere.

"Golf... ball?"

"Memory and vocal ability appear normal. The host recognizes me by name, but has yet to make any other attempt at communication. I will continue to update on the host's behavior as I attempt to reach the subject."

After a click, the tape recorder was placed back onto the table with a loud metal clang. Leafy whimpered as the room echoed with sound, causing her head to throb further.

Quick, light footsteps trailed to the back of the room. Far enough that she was finally in Leafy's range of vision. Sure enough, there Golfball stood. She faced the wall, looking up a large lever. The small scientist glanced back at Leafy. The two of them locked eyes. There was no hint of emotion in Golfball's face, nor sign of recognition. It was as if she was looking at a blank wall. Golfball turned back, lifting her leg

up to the top of the lever and slamming it down.

Leafy winced as the sound of a revving engine boomed through the lab. The gears on the walls squeaked and hissed as they began to speed up. Leafy flinched as the table she was on began to tilt forward, bringing her into an upright position.

As gravity forced her to slide down the table. The cuffs around her wrists and ankles caught her, stopping her from hitting the ground. Leafy's eyes widened as her skin pressed against the metal, soaked in heat due to the steam of the room.

The hot metal burned into her flesh, searing her skin. She screamed out in pain as the scolding metal burned cold against her ankles and wrists. She tried to pull away but there was no way to do so. The only way to pull her arms away would be to push her ankles closer to the metal. The pain made her too weak to pull herself up anyway.

Her screams echoed against the walls causing her ears to ring. Her vision started to go black as she choked out a sob. She tried to scream out for someone to help her, but her words were incomprehensible.

She could feel herself begin to pass out. It hurt so much she just wanted it to be over. She was never one to think things like this, but being dead would be better than the pain she felt. It felt like something was pulling her skull upwards. She watched Golfball turn and leave the room as her vision went completely dark and all she could do was feel.

Chapter 2

"First attempt at contact with Subject 2763 was a failure. As I neglected to consider the reaction that the metal restraints used to bind the host would have due to the temperature of the laboratory. The host as sustained multiple blisters and scars along the wrists and ankles due to the heat. I allowed the host to continue in a pained state in hopes that it would trigger the subject to make itself known to me. This was not the case. I have adjusted the restraints to suit the host's comfort, and make further communication easier."

click

Leafy shifted as she regained consciousness. The table had been moved back down to its laying position. She whimpered as her body slowly woke up, the feeling in her wrists and ankles returning to her. They stung with blisters and burns. Her head still throbbed and her throat was sore from screaming. Leafy felt dazed, her face sticky with dried tears. Nothing made sense. She just wanted to go home.

The familiar taps of footsteps filled the room. Instinctively, Leafy's eyes shot to the lever at the side of the room, which Golfball was now approaching.

Panic filled Leafy's body as Golfball raised her leg to the lever, just as she had before.

"no- no nO NO NO NO PLEASE NO PLEASE DONT DO IT PLEASE-" Leafy cried out. Her hoarse sobs falling on deaf ears as Golfball slammed the lever down. Slowly the table began to tilt.

Leafy screamed for help as she tried to scramble backwards. She cried out as she slipped down the table, her restraints catching her by the wrists and ankles, digging directly into her blisters.

Her sobs died down into whimpers as she realized the cuffs were no longer scolding. Still it hurt quite a lot to be suspended by burned limbs. Her throat was incredibly raw from all the continued screaming and crying. A few more sobs escaped her before she was reduced to nothing more than a shaking mess.

Golfball approached her, once again removing the tape recorder from the table next to them.

"Previous mistakes regarding the host's containment seem to have lead to intense emotional destress. Yet even in moments when the host believed it was in danger, the subject refused to make itself known. I am now attempting communication with the host."

Golfball clicked the tape recorder off, before setting in on the table and clicking it back on again. She moved to stand in front of Leafy, who was looking down at her with sunken eyes.

"G...Golfball..." Leafy quietly whimpered, her voice far too broken to speak much louder.

"Leafy." Golfball acknowledged her, in no way showing any reaction to Leafy's pain.

"Why are you-" Leafy stopped to cough. Wincing as she hacked up spit and bile. Her throat burned as she choked.

"Why are you hurting me?"

"None of the pain you've endured so far has been intentional. A brief oversight on my part, really."

"An oversight?" Within Leafy's voice was a twinge of anger, but she was far to weak to put any real venom into her words.

"Mistakes happen. I'm sure you understand." Golfball shrugged it off. But suddenly began to keep a much closer eye on the leaf bound in front of her.

"I don't understand... why.. I'm here" Leafy struggled against the restraints, pushing with her feet against the table, but eventually falling back down to a slumped position with a hiss.

"Because you're bad, Leafy. You're here because you're a bad person."

"But I'm not bad... I'm good! I'm the most-"

"No. Leafy. You're not good. You're bad."
Golfball's voice was flat. Emotionless. Unmoving.

Meanwhile Leafy could only see red.

It wasn't right. She worked so hard to be nice. She was the nicest. That was all she was.

Leafy's fists shook as she clenched them tightly. The tighter she balled her fists, the less she was able to unclench them. Her previously blurring and spotty vision sharpened to that of a hawks eye. Golfball, previously blurred in a white outline, was now perfectly perceived. She had stumbled back, looking up at Leafy with a look of terror, yet leaning forward with intrigue.

Leafy's ears rang with a crack as she felt her joints stiffen. Her elbows and knees now straight as boards, causing her to slip uncomfortably far in her restraints. She gasped as her spine straightened to a perfect line. Any sound of panic being swallowed as her mouth forced itself shut. She couldn't move. She couldn't blink. She couldn't breathe.

As anger quickly replaced itself with panic, she felt her body once again go limp. Her jaw unclenched and she gasped for air. Her breathing was heavy and panicked as frantic eyes searched the room for any clue as to what happened to her.

Golfball was speechless. The thoroughly dumbfounded sphere looked up at her subject with horror and amazement. Leafy looked to her for answers. Tears shining in her giant, pleading eyes. She looked terrified. Golfball couldn't help but smile.

Picking herself up and using her left leg to dust herself off, Golfball walked to her tape recorder and clicked it off, ending the tape. She took a moment to breathe. Heavily exhaling out of her mouth with a newfound determination. After a few seconds past, Leafy's heaving, pained breathing still echoing through the room as if she were a deer that had been shot in the leg, Golfball clicked the recorder back on.

"Update on Subject 2763

First attempt at contacting the subject was a success"

Chapter 3

"My first attempt at triggering Subject 2763 was a success. The host exhibited aggressive behavior before the subject made itself known, and appeared to be frightened after the subject disappeared. I am unsure what happened to the host in the short time that the subject was present. I will have to attempt further communication with the host."

click

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"Golfball?" Leafy spoke softly, still wary of her sore voice. She was sitting in the upright position, no longer cuffed to the table.

She wasn't free to go, of course. The restraints had just been extended. Metal chains connected her cuffs to the table, allowing her to sit up but still keeping her in place.

Golfball did not acknowledge her. Instead she looked down at a notebook, holding a pencil in her foot and scribbling down notes.

"Golfball." Leafy tried again, a bit louder this time. Still no reaction. Leafy nervously fidgeted with her hands, slipping the cuff as far away from her hand as she could and rubbing her sore wrists.

"These cuffs don't hurt as much as the last ones. But I don't understand why you have to restrain me." Leafy spoke aloud, knowing Golfball wouldn't respond. "I don't understand why I'm here. I don't understand why you're hurting me. I don't understand anything."

"I've already explained this to you, Leafy" Golfball finally acknowledged her. Still refusing to look up from her notebook. "We both saw what happened to you yesterday. You're dangerous"

"I don't know what you're talking about, Golfball! You're the one that keeps hurting me. I didn't do anything wrong and you paralyzed me!"

Golfball finally looked up from her notebook. She stared at Leafy for a long time before standing up, her eyes now locked on the woman in front of her.

"...paralyzed?"

Golfball slowly approached the table. She stopped just close enough that Leafy couldn't reach her.

"Leafy. What happened to you yesterday."

"I don't understand"

"When I explained to you why I brought you here. What happened to you."

Leafy was quiet for a moment. She shivered as she recalled the events of the previous day.

"I couldn't move." She finally began "everything straightened out. All my joints became stiff. I tried to scream but my mouth wouldn't open. I was stuck in place like a statue."

Golfball quickly ran to her notebook and started writing things down. A determined look flashed in her eyes that filled Leafy with dread.

"Is that all?" Golfball asked. Her voice had a hopeful lift to it.

"I think so... well- I remember I could see a lot better. My vision was all spotty before... it still is. But when I was stuck, everything was so clear. Even with all the smoke."

"Of course... wider eye range and smaller pupils... better for focus.." Golfball mumbled to herself. A smile creeping across her face.

"And you were perfectly conscious for all of it?" Golfball looked up at Leafy who nodded in response. "Fascinating."

"Golfball I don't understand. What does that mean?"

Golfball was quiet for a moment. She looked down at her notes, reading them over before looking up at Leafy.

"It means your far more dangerous than I thought."

Chapter 4

"I had previously been referring to Subject 2763 as inhabiting a host body. But it appears my initial impression may have been incorrect. It seems the host and the subject may be one in the same, or at the very least the host remains aware and conscious when the subject is active. I will have to run more tests."

click

"I'm sorry"

Golfball turned up from her notes to look at Leafy. She was back in her original restraints, now in an upward position. The table had been moved closer to the ground so that her feet touched the floor and she was no longer hanging from the cuffs. Normally Golfball wouldn't have considered such accommodations, but it seemed necessary to avoid continued damage to her wrists and ankles. She would have to lift the table back up once the experiment began, but there was no harm in allowing her some rest while Golfball set up. After all, putting Leafy in too much pain before the tests started may tamper with the results.

"What are you apologizing for this time?" Golfball questioned, not out of any real concern. Just sheer curiosity.

"I'm sorry for whatever I said that made you put me back in these cuffs" Leafy's voice cracked as she spoke. Tears threatened to spill out of her eyes.

Golfball bit her lip. It was important to keep the Leafy stable. Especially now that it was unclear exactly how much separation there was from the host and the subject. Golfball had to think fast.

"You didn't do anything wrong, Leafy. All of this will be over soon." a blatant lie. Golfball didn't intend for Leafy to be leaving here any time soon. There was too much information she still needed to gather. The lie seemed to sooth Leafy a bit, as she began to take focused, labored breaths in an attempt to calm herself down.

Golfball watched Leafy struggle in her restrains as she approached a large lever on the ground. She felt no remorse seeing the fear in Leafy's eyes. Golfball turned the lever and the table began to rise. Leafy hissed as she was once again suspended on her sore wrists.

"This is going to hurt." Was the only warning Golfball gave, Leafy's eyes widened and her mouth opened as if she was going to call out, but she never got the chance

The room echoed as Golfball slammed the lever farther down. Leafy's previously wide eyed slammed closed as she let out a petrifying scream. The cuffs sparked and buzzed as volts of electricity coerced through Leafy's body.

Golfball kept her eyes on the struggling leaf in front of her. She blankly watched as Leafy writhed and cried out in pain.

This was worse than the burns. The pain flowed through her entire body, leaving no space untouched. It was painful. It was invasive. And there was no way to escape it.

Her body jolted and writhed, attempting to find an angel to make the pain stop, but there was no way to disconnect herself from it. She hissed out a scream but no words came as she choked on her own breath. Tears streamed down her face as she tried and failed to wheeze out a cry for help.

Golfball was speaking to her. She knew that. But it was nearly impossible to hear. Muffled shouts could be heard below her. Leafy tried to focus on what the scientist was telling her, in hopes it was some clue about how to make the pain stop.

"You deserve this Leafy."

Leafy writhed and sobbed

"I wouldn't have to do this if you weren't such a bad person"

That wasn't true. It couldn't be. Leafy could feel her sorrow replace with rage. The more she focused on Golfball's words, the less the shocks began to hurt, until eventually she couldn't feel them at all.

Her tears disappeared and her eyes focused on the small golfball in front of her, who now stood silent. Her veins throbbed with rage, as she opened her mouth to speak, she found it refused to move. Everything refused to move. It was just like before.

Golfball didn't waste anytime running towards the lever. Leafy began to panic, afraid she was going to increase the shock. Only one thought filled Leafy's mind

I need to get away

The other side of the room. She'd be safe at the other side of the room. Far away from the table. She just needed to get over there.

The room flashed black and red as suddenly her legs held a lot more weight. She could hear Golfball yelp from... behind her? In a flash, Leafy was facing the other direction. She looked at Golfball's horrified expression as she realized she was no longer bound to the table.

She was on the other side of the room.

Golfball stumbled back as Leafy made eye contact with her. She quickly reached over and grabbed her tape recorder from the table and clicked it on.

"C-contact with subject 2763 w-was a success. Subject 2763 seem-seems aggressive and has exhibited the ability to teleport at will-AAH-" Golfball shrieked as Leafy appeared directly in front of her. Golfball could feel her vision go dark as Leafy got closer, she blindly stumbled around for a certain device, smiling when she got a hold of it.

Leafy looked down at Golfball. This was it. She was finally going to free herself. She just had to get a little closer.

Suddenly there was a sharp, cold pain in her leg, and everything went dark.

Chapter 5

"Subject 2763 was far more powerful than I had originally anticipated. It would be dangerous to continue working with it. But that is a risk I'm willing to take. With the help of freeze juice, the subject is incapacitated but has not reverted to its original state. I'll have to get some more supplies if I wish to properly contain it from this point forward."

click

———————————

Golfball stumbled out of her lab in a daze. That was way too close of a call. She knew the subject would be dangerous... but this was new to her. Teleportation meant it would be much harder to contain. But there wasn't much time. She had to act fast. She had to-

"Golfball?"

Golfball jumped and quickly turned around at the sound. She looked up at the figure in front of her and felt her face soften.

"Hello Tennisball"

Golfball gave her lab partner a weak smile before quickly running past him. She didn't have the chance to run off, however, as Tennisball stuck his leg out, stopping Golfball in her tracks.

"Wh- Tennisball what is the meaning of this?"

"Golfball I-... we need to talk." He looked concerned. Golfball stiffened. He couldn't possibly know about the subject, could he?

"I'm worried about you Golfball. We all are. Basketball and Remote and Robot Flower... we've all been talking. There's something up with

you. You don't look well."

"I-I'm perfectly alright! I've just been caught up with some things- you know how it is." Golfball glanced towards her lab. She had to keep him out of there. Tennisball was always on the same page as her. He understood her. But he wouldn't understand this.

"Golfball you need a rest. At least let me help-"

"No!" Golfball quickly responded before backtracking "I mean- uh- I don't need.. I don't need any help. I have everything under control."

Tennisball sighed. He looked so concerned.

"I understand you don't like to share things like this. And I won't pry about what you're doing. But can't you at least let me help a little? I hate to see you overworking yourself"

Golfball thought for a moment. She didn't want anyone else getting involved. But she needed TB off her case.

"Alright... I needed a few supplies. You can take me to get them. But I need to get this over with fast. Let's go."

Tennisball smiled and nodded. He leaned down, allowing Golfball to climb onto him. Reluctantly, she did. Scrambling for balance as he stood.

"You alright up there?" Tennisball asked. Golfball hummed in response and off they went.

Something about the softness of Tennisball or the rhythm of his footsteps coupled with the fact that subject 2763 had been keeping her from sleeping for days made it difficult for Golfball to keep herself awake. Her eyes were undeniably heavy and she found her thoughts slipping away from her

She did her best to hide the yawn that escaped her lips. While this was unsuccessful, Tennisball knew better then to mention when Golfball seemed tired. He smiled, knowing she'd probably be asleep by the time they got to the place they were going. But that was ok. She didn't sleep often. In fact, he had only ever seen Golfball rest

when they were walking like this. He liked to think he provided some comfort to her.

Golfball slurred out directions before eventually Tennisball asked where exactly they were going, expecting Golfball to be asleep by the time they arrived.

Tennisball made his way to where Golfball wanted to go. It was a long walk that took them to a large amount of different items that sat near the edge of a cliff side. He looked over the odd pile of supplies. These were Cloudy's things.

Golfball's breathing was steady and she wasn't saying a word. Tennisball smiled. The only time she could keep her mouth shut was when she was unconscious. He sat down near the pile and kept as still as possible, allowing Golfball to get her much needed rest.

She sturred a bit in her sleep, mumbling only a few words.

"Mnh.. L.. Leafy..."

Chapter 6

"Despite the increasing danger I cannot ask for assistance on this project. I... I can't risk Tennisball getting hurt. Under no circumstances will he be involved."

click

Golfball struggled to move all the items that she had not-so-legally taken from Cloudy's collection into her lab. While Tennisball had been a great help in retrieving the items and bringing them to the entrance to her lab, Golfball insisted she had to bring the items inside herself.

As she pulled the pieces of metal larger than herself down the winding stairs she recalled the conversation that had transpired on the way back from the cliff.

"This sure is a lot of material. You must be building something pretty complex" he had asked.

"Mmhm." Golfball had answered.

"You sure you don't need any help? I have always been good with machines"

"I can assure you, your assistance is unneeded. Though, I appreciate the offer."

Tennisball always wanted to help. Golfball appreciated that. He was her lab partner. Her co-creator. Her best friend. But this was something he could never get involved in.

Tennisball was brilliant in almost every way. He was incredible with

machines, a master at solving problems, and one of the most compassionate people that Golfball knew. But it was that last strength that made it impossible to involve him.

Tennisball was not anti-violence by any means. But this was far beyond something he would be ok with. Golfball knew well that her experiments stretched far beyond what would be considered humane. Tennisball simply wouldn't be able to assist her. He'd be a burden. Or even worse, he'd be against her.

That was the thing that held Golfball back the most. The idea that Tennisball might hate her for this. She didn't care what the other residents of Goiky would think. She didn't care about the very small amount of people who had noticed and cared enough about Leafy's disappearance. And as hard as it was to ignore the way her screams never seemed to stop echoing in Golfball's head, she sure as hell didn't care about Leafy. No. It was Tennisball she cared about. The thought of him turning on her was almost enough to make her drop the entire experiment.

Almost.

Golfball took labored breaths as she finally dragged the last thing she needed down to the lab. She glanced at Evil Leafy, who was still frozen in the center of the lab, standing now shiny and blue.

Golfball walked over to her tool kit at the other side of the room. However she felt her heart drop in her chest as she got closer to the subject.

A single drop of water slid down the side of Evil Leafy into a small puddle on the floor that Golfball had not previously noticed. The heat of the lab was melting the ice that incased the subject. Golfball ran to her tool kit. She'd have to act fast.

And she certainly did. Working off of the small amount of energy that her nap during the walk with Tennisball gave her and the pure adrenaline of being in a room with something that could end your existence in an instant, Golfball worked faster than she ever had before.

Sweat streamed down her face, sometimes uncomfortably pooling in her dimples. There was no room for error. She had to get this right the first time. Or everyone would be in danger.

Golfball found herself laughing at the grim thought. Everyone in danger. She didn't care. She didn't care about everyone. She cared about herself, and those who cared about her in return. As she worked she thought back on what Tennisball had told her as she exited her lab.

"Basketball and Remote and Robot Flower... we've all been talking."

She should have expected Remote and Robot Flower to catch onto her own distress. The two of them were genius mechanical minds. Intellectually unmatched. It was no surprise that they'd be able to pick up on her current state.

Basketball was unexpected, but made sense. As much as Golfball hated to admit it, Basketball was a genius unlike any other. And unlike Golfball herself, she could understand people. She always picked up on the little things. She knew when someone was in distress. And she knew when someone was hiding something. Golfball would have to be careful around her.

And Tennisball. He knew Golfball better than she knew herself. He understood everything, down to the air she breathed. He was everything to her, and she to him. She wouldn't be surprised if he could tell exactly what she had been doing down here by only reading her facial expression.

He knew her well. And that's what put him in so much danger. Tennisball promised to allow Golfball her alone time. Be if he knew how dangerous this was, he'd step in regardless. That's why she had to keep this all to herself.

Golfball sighed as she hit the final nail, signifying the completion of her device. She stepped back to admire her work. A large hollow outline of a cube. It didn't seem like much until she grabbed the plug that extended from it and plugged it into the nearby outlet.

Suddenly the spine of a box buzzed to life with electricity, creating

an electric wall that Golfball was sure would contain the subject, even if it attempted to teleport away.

She temporarily turned the cell off and ran to the subject, who was still dripping with water. Using her head, she pushed Evil Leafy into the bounds of the cell before turning it back on, encasing the subject in a container of electricity.

Golfball took a step back and allowed herself to breathe. If all worked out she wouldn't have to worry about her life being at risk. As long as she was careful and the cell did as it was supposed to.

But that was one big risk to take.

Chapter 7

"Things are getting riskier. This may be my final log. Subject 2763 has not reverted back into their original host state. though I have found a way to secure it and, if all goes well, keep myself out of harm during further experimentation. If this fails there's a good chance the subject may kill me."

click

....

click

"Tennisball. If I'm gone and you're looking through these tapes, I want you to know that I-..... Don't try to fight it. Keep yourself safe. For me."

click

Golfball waited patiently for the ice to melt completely. Her nerves clawed at her stomach, making it impossible to keep still. Her eyes were glued to Evil Leafy as she turned from ice blue to the familiar piercing red. She wasn't quite sure if Evil Leafy had regained consciousness until suddenly the lights around her began to flicker.

Golfball looked around in shock before realizing the lab had no lights. The only visible light source was the bubbling vats of lava that lay beneath her and the buzzing cage that contained the subject itself. But the room around her still became noticeably darker. Golfball quickly clicked on her tape recorder.

"The subject has woken from subduction. It's made no attempt to escape the cell as of yet. As I've recorded the behavior of 2763, it

appears to have the ability to manipulate light around it, or at the very least can effect my ability to see. As of now I'm unsure how this ability functions. I'll have to do more tests with brighter lights."

Golfball clicked off the tape recorder and approached the electric cell.

"Hello Subject 2763."

Leafy could hear Golfball address her. But she couldn't respond back. She couldn't do anything. She was completely frozen in place again.

"Can you speak to me?" Golfball asked. It was a genuine question. She was unsure if the silence was the subject's anger towards her or a genuine inability.

Leafy tried to call out to Golfball. She wanted to beg for freedom. To at least ask what was happening to her. But no part of her body would move. She was stuck in place.

"Well if you cannot answer me, perhaps some more physical experiments are needed. I wonder what would happen if I submerged you in water..." it was a bluff. Mostly. Golfball was curious about whether or not the subject could drown, or even die at all. But it was mostly just talk to test if the subject was really mute or not.

Leafy began to panic. No. No no no she couldn't let Golfball hurt her again. She was so scared. She didn't want to die. Maybe if she could just do what she did last time... it wasn't hard to teleport before. But she had no idea how she did it. And it didn't end so well for her. Maybe if she was just a little faster....

Leafy focused her concentration on Golfball. She just needed to reach her. That was the one thing she was certain of. If she could get close enough to Golfball, everything would be ok. No more pain. No more suffering. No more being trapped. She just had to get over there.

Leafy focused hard on where she wanted to go. And in the blink of an eye she wasn't where she was standing before. But she wasn't in front of Golfball either.

Leafy's vision went white as a burning sensation quickly spread

through her body. She tried to scream out in pain but once again her mouth would not move. She tried to close her eyes but they were stuck pried open. It felt like when Golfball had electrocuted her, only there was no way to writhe away from it. It coursed through her body, pulling at her skin and burning her from the inside. It felt like she was being ripped apart and burned all at once. She tried everything to pull away, but she couldn't focus enough on moving herself anywhere. She was stuck in place, so close to freedom and yet unable to get out.

Golfball meanwhile looked on in delight, unaware of the pain Leafy felt. The trap had worked. Instead of teleporting in front of Golfball, the subject was only able to teleport into the electric wall.

Leafy tried to scream out for help, to move away, to do anything to show how much she was hurting. But it was impossible. She was completely immobile.

She didn't care about escaping. She didn't care about getting revenge on Golfball. She just wanted to be safe. She just wanted to go back. Go back go back go back.

Golfball jumped as the light of the room quickly dimmed once more. Even the light of the cell diminished. Golfball watched closely as Subject 2763 itself began to flicker in and out of the cell wall, until it eventually teleported backwards, now back within the cell itself.

Leafy felt relief wash over her as the pain drained from her body. All thoughts of anger and revenge towards Golfball had completely left her mind, and so she began to feel her joints un-stiffen before she completely collapsed under the weight of her own legs. Leafy choked out a sob at the realization that she was able to move again. She curled up on the ground and shut her eyes tightly, rubbing her sore arms and whimpering at the feeling of her singed body hitting the cold laboratory floor.

Leafy's body shook as she began to cry. She was so scared. She was always so scared. This laboratory had done nothing but hurt her over and over again. She was confused and scared and she didn't know how many times she'd have to get hurt again. Leafy was so caught up in her own thoughts that she didn't hear the click of the tape

recorder, nor did she realize Golfball was speaking.

"The containment cell was successful in keeping the subject at bay. After realizing it could not escape from the cell, the subject reverted back into the host body. The host seems to be in great distress. I can only guess taking the form of the subject has been causing it pain. I will attempt further communication about this experience with the host in the future"

Golfball clicked off the device and turned to address Leafy.

"I take it you're in a lot of physical distress. Could you describe your pain level to me?" Golfball asked, her voice cold and stern.

Leafy shakily looked up at Golfball, using one arm to drag herself across the ground, pulling her closer.

"Please..." leafy begged through a strained voice "let me out... I just want to go home...."

Golfball looked down at her. There was no emotion behind her eyes. Her face was cold and pitiless.

"You can't ever go home, Leafy. I'm never letting you out."

Normally a statement like that would have upset her. But Leafy didn't say a word. What could she possibly say? What could she do?

Golfball swore she would never see the light of day again. And Leafy believed her.